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VOLUME LI. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1903. NUMBER 5

"In Memoriam, Rev. John Healy Heywood," is the title of a neat little book just issued from the press of John P. Morton & Co., Louisville, Ky. It is a biographical sketch of Dr. Heywood, the successor of James Freeman Clarke, and for forty years pastor of the Church of the Messiah. The biography was compiled by Rev. Fred. V. Hawley, and is published by the board of church trustees on the anniversary of the birth of this beloved *pastor emeritus.* All who knew Mr. Heywood will sanction these words from the closing paragraph: "In universal helpfulness, in transcending of creed bonds, in an exalted idea of citizenship, in manly firmness, gentleness, broad friendship and sympathy he commands the respect and love of all men. Immortal indeed is such a spirit!"

The recent thirty-first annual meeting of the National Suffragist Association held in the city of New Orleans was the first experiment this society has tried of holding such a gathering in the South. Judging from the press reports, the delegates were numerous and attendance at all the sessions large. One discovers a change in the dominant note sounded at the more recent of these annual conventions. The plea was formerly made largely in the name of justice and equity alone. The right of electoral franchise for women is now taken for granted by most thinking people. The heat of discussion is today over the expediency of attempting to make woman a factor in the management of municipal and national affairs. That much prejudice in this direction must still be overcome there is little doubt, but that such prejudice may one day be successfully set aside, is partially demonstrated by the unquestionable enthusiasm engendered at this first meeting of the National Association held in the far South, where opposition to Woman Suffrage has been supposed to be firmest and most unyielding.

The death of Mary Louise Duncan Putnam at Davenport, Iowa, last month, deserves notice. Since the death, now many years ago, of her eldest and much loved son, whose life interests were centered in the Davenport Academy of Sciences, Mrs. Putnam has devoted her time, labor, and means, to the upbuilding of that institution. Founded over thirty years ago, the academy has had a useful career. Today its library is one of the largest scientific libaries in the middle west, its published *Proceedings,* numbering eight volumes, have gone, as exchanges, to scientific bodies in all parts of the world; it has a desirable piece of land on which are two buildings, devoted to its uses; its museum contains interesting and important collections and is particularly rich in archæology and in entomology (containing J. Duncan Putnam's collections of insects). The institution promises to live and healthily develop. Through all its history, practically, Mrs. Putnam has been actively interested in the institution and at her death was its president. Through her efforts, several years ago, an endowment fund for publication was secured. By her will, Mrs. Putnam has enlarged this fund so that it now amounts to some $24,000. Mrs. Putnam never made claims to be called a *scientist,* but she was widely known and loved among scientific workers in this country and abroad and will be generally mourned.

A few years ago the Southern orator was wont to devote his remarks largely to the splendid agricultural growth manifested by his constituency, and to descant on the "fields that ran red with human blood in April and were green with the harvests in June." The census report tells a wonderful tale concerning our Southern states. It shows that the value of the products of the South's factories in 1900 was $1,466,669,495. This shows an increase $549,440,468 over the total value of the factory products ten years previous. Meanwhile agriculture has not lessened but increased in the South. There are the same number of fields white with cotton, or golden with waving wheat and corn, plus miles and miles of rice, a crop that is constantly increasing. Southern iron, coal, lumber and marble are now used in nearly every state in the Union, while the recently discovered phosphate fields of Tennessee and the oil wells of Texas and Louisiana threaten to rival those in any other locality. How have all these changes affected the Southerner? They have not taken away the splendid hospitality from his heart, nor his deference to the sanctity of past traditions; but they have made of him, in many respects, a different creature. He is rapidly becoming a new factor in the political and industrial life of the world and may perhaps, on account of his hospitable nature, one day be found in the fore front of all progress, characterized by breadth and liberality of thought, whether political, social or religious. A. P. Lipscomb, in his recent book "The Commercial History of the Southern States," aptly inquires, "If the man of the South deals diligently and prudently with the mighty resources that are laid at his door and of whose enormous value he has now been apprised, what will the next ten years in his history bring forth?"

The conscience of the nation is not to be interpreted by the sensational lines of the newspapers nor yet by the resolutions of partisan legislators, but by the undemonstrative scholars and teachers, though it is very suggestive that among the names signed to the series of petitions calling for an investigation into conditions in the Philippines, presented to the Senate during the past month by Senator Hoar, are the names of fifty-seven presidents of colleges and four hundred professors. An examination of this list of professors shows the following representation from forty-two

different educational institutions: Stanford University, California, 47; Amherst College, Massachusetts, 29; Harvard University, Massachusetts, 26; Columbia University, New York, 22; Tufts College, Massachusetts, 22; Smith College, Massachusetts, 22; University of Wisconsin, 18; Cornell University, New York, 17; University of Chicago, 17; Yale University, Connecticut, 16; Princeton University, New Jersey, 15; Washington University, Missouri, 14; University of Michigan, 12; Northwestern University, Illinois, 9; University of Pennsylvania, 9; Oberlin College, Ohio, 8; Johns Hopkins University, Maryland, 7; University of Indiana, 7; University of California, 7; University of Illinois, 7; Pratt Institute, New York, 6; Tulane University, Louisiana, 5; Syracuse University, New York, 5; Ohio State University, 5; Wesleyan University, Connecticut, 6; Western Reserve University, Ohio, 5; Brown University, Rhode Island, 4; University of New York, 4; Lehigh University, Pennsylvania, 3; Haverford College, Pennsylvania, 3; Williams College, Massachusetts, 3; Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, 2; Vanderbilt University, Tennessee, 2; Bryn Mawr College, Pennsylvania, 2; Central University, Iowa, 2; Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, 1; Franklin & Marshall College, Pennsylvania, 1; Wooster University, Ohio, 1; Albany Medical College, New York, 1; Ethical Schools, New York, 2; Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 1; Bates College, Maine, 1.

Pastor and People.

The great work of the modern minister is to be a mental, moral and spiritual leader. To do this he must be able to be an interpreter of life, for the men and women to whom he ministers. In the olden time when superstitious fear was the ruling religious motive, his business was to discover a way by which the unseen dreaded power that wrought havoc among men, could be placated or made good-humored. He was to figure out a way by which men could be "saved,"—that is to say from pain, from annoyance. To teach people how to "be saved" is still the minister's legitimate work. No longer is he to warn them of the terors of an angry God, or help them to shun the wiles of a deceitful devil, but his business nevertheless is to point the way of salvation—salvation from indifference, aimlessness and despondency and from the too frequent *ennui* of a cheap and shallow existence. He accomplishes this most readily by a sane interpretation of the facts of our common existence. Not by polemical exhortations or pugilistic encounters, but by holding up before his hearers an ideal so true and grand in its attraction as to win their admiration and make them willing pursuers.

On the other hand, would you have your minister always a patient, whole-souled, cheery interpreter of life, for you and your children? See to it that each one of you help to make for him a large and beautiful experience. It is an old and truthful saying that "It's a poor rule that won't work both ways." The thought and spirit which your minister brings to you from Sunday to Sunday, will depend somewhat upon the thought and spirit in which you regard him and your common work. The greatest minds in the scientific world today, are declaring with no uncertain sound, that thought is spiritual substance. Hence, every thought which you and I think concerning our fellowman is either building him up or tearing him down. Thought is the greatest power in the universe, and because it is such a power, we cannot afford to think the unkind, the cruel, or fill our minds with anything but the highest, the holiest, the best. It has been said that the greatest of heavenly virtues is charity. By that blessed word we mean not a mere condoning of defects, but a love which is capacious enough to include imperfections and still rejoice in the soul's true beauty. Real love is not blind. It has eyes strong enough to look past the imperfections and still be true to the soul's worth. Probably no human being is absolutely infallible; but to a great and loving soul these little imperfections—commonly called "faults"—only serve to endear the object of affection. These faults are temporary, partial, insignificant, compared with the real worth of the friend in whom we rejoice. Hence these lesser, partial, petty things should leave only a passing impression. The real character, true worth and beauty,—these shall abide forever.

"Therefore, whatsoever things are true, honest, just, noble, of good repute, whatever virtue there is and whatever praise, let us think on these things." The spirit of carping criticism occupies too large a place in the common life of the world. It hampers rather than helps the social, moral and spiritual conditions of humanity. Criticism and inefficiency go hand in hand, narrowness is not only disagreeable, but destructive. Power depends upon breadth and capacity. A great truth which we have too often ignored in our common human life is, that by thinking only the kind, the generous and noble thoughts about our fellows, we may build them into such symmetry of character that faults will be no more.

Privilege noble and sublime is that of holding persistently such kind, loving, harmonious and helpful thoughts toward him who ministers to you in things spiritual, that you shall transform burdens into beatitudes and weights into wings. The kind of thought and feeling you send persistently toward your minister, with all the cumulative force of numbers, must be sent back to you, laden with all the treasures it was able to gather and bring, blessing you all like a heavenly benediction. Every earnest speaker knows that a sympathetic congregation virtually has its own way, at least, with every man who truly ministers. Once they send enough love and sympathetic expectation toward him, there can never fail to come back to them some divine returns.

Apparently about the only thing in America *not yet* more or less in the hands of gigantic combinations is land. Even that may one day be bought up. There are those who think the time is not far distant when such buying will begin. Of course, it could not easily be done at a profit while the Government has still many acres to give away. We don't know land troubles in America yet, but we may, unless things are carefully managed. In Italy one sees easily what happens when a few people own all the land. Round

about Rome are many thousands of acres of the richest soil in the world, all uncultivated because its owners are able to live without its being cultivated. To be sure, some of it is cultivated by droves of poor workmen, the rest is used for fox-hunting. Here is one of the reasons why Italy today is so poor. There are not wanting people who think that nobody should be allowed to own more land than enough for his house and garden; that the state should own the land and lease it—never more than a limited amount to one man, and that the lease should occasionally expire and need renewal. Just as soon as a man is obliged to work as a laborer, forever under the dictation of another man, his liberty is sold, and he becomes a slave. The Italian peasant, by working hard, may help himself a little, no doubt. Can he rise out of his caste? There is a sense in which his chance in life is largely gone. Factory laborers almost everywhere are in a similar condition. Add to these facts the crazy notion that Europeans have, viz., that manual labor is in itself degrading, that they fail to understand how a college student can go about lighting street lamps or selling papers, and that the "lady of the house" would no more think of sweeping the walk down to the front gate than she would of cutting off a finger, and you can understand where the people are who do that sort of thing. With a growing tendency to such notions in America, one cannot but rejoice in the plan of correspondence instruction and newspaper education now growing so popular in this country, because it means a chance to grow.

F. V. H.

A University Reform.

A recent editorial in the Chicago *Tribune* makes an interesting suggestion for a "University Reform." This is that a new method be devised for selecting the teachers of literature in colleges and universities. The present method is the old method of scholasticism. A young man is taken who has an aptitude for reading; he is carefully protected from any human interest that may lie outside the library; when sufficiently devitalized he is sent to a German university to get a knowledge of the English language; a fellowship provides him means to work among the manuscripts at the British Museum; he is then given a doctor's degree and the privilege of continuing his studies in some other library or of lecturing on what other men have said about life. A deep human experience he is not himself required to have. Any impulse he may have had to create was lost early in his career.

The *Tribune's* suggestion is that a new corps of teachers be selected from the men who have really lived the life of the age and who have actually produced some of its literature. These two things are necessary; the teacher should have lived, he should have written. And these two things are manifestly impossible in the round of fellowship, scientific investigations and doctors' theses. It is not likely that this suggestion will ever be adopted, since much suspicion already attaches to departments of literature which are able at the present time to maintain their place only by assuming a detached and cognitive attitude towards life. To make the study of literature creative would be to remove literature altogether from the circle of sciences.

O. L. T.

The Congress of Religion.

HELD AT LOS ANGELES, CAL., MARCH 8-11, 1903.

A Bit of Personal Evolution.

A PAPER READ BY MADAME CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB HOUSE, MONDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 9, 1903.

One who has well passed the allotted three score years and ten, may reasonably be put upon the "retired list" as out of service. But, as one can measure, approximately, the larger general progress by the smaller arc of personal experience, I have, in this view, consented to give a brief outline of my own, which covers no doubt a span of more years than any of the friends before me save one, it may be, and represents, I doubt not, more varied features. Its value may lie, mainly, in its emphasis upon the *various* ways in which progress is made; and this by agencies which the thoughtless do not recognize as helpful, but class as fads, accepted only by the fanatic and the crank.

It might be well to begin one's record with one's far off ancestry, as Emerson, or Holmes, has recommended (it is still in dispute which of the two) but your time and my strength forbid. It is necessary, however, to my record, to say that my maternal grandmother was a woman of strong nature, yet sweet to the core,—who trained her daughters and granddaughters in the details of wise housekeeping, for which they all blessed her when settled in their own homes. She was also an ardent Episcopalian, and her devoted husband, a prominent New York physician, not only yielded to her preference, but became, in their country home, a lay-reader of the service and of the Bishop's sermons (Seabury's) to an audience of friends and neighbors gathered in their own large parlors, although he had been born of New England Presbyterian parents. Could devotion and tolerant sympathy further go? His keen interest in public questions, as a Federalist, gave me a strong bias toward such questions, which led, however, in after years to quite an opposite attitude toward them from his.

My father, a Connecticut Presbyterian, had also followed my mother into her church; and soon after his death, in my fifth year, she had returned by their urgent request, to the home of her parents, which already held their own twelve children, and now took into its shelter my mother and her five little ones, and became our home for the next five years and headquarters for our vacations; so that it will be seen I was cradled and nurtured in the Episcopal church.

After these years we came under the care of our guardian, my father's brother,—a man of integrity and greatly respected in his county and state; but a Presbyterian of the most pronounced type,—a deacon and elder of his church throughout his long life. I came thus under the spell of his zeal, and the doctrines and customs of that church,—among which were the revival meetings of Revs. Burchard and Finney,—excitements which recurred as regularly and inevitably as the spring and fall housecleanings of that time;—and were as disturbing to the peace and routine of many homes.

Being a serious and super-sensitive child from the early loss of my father and my mother's intense and constant mourning for him, and reverential to the authority of the home and the church, I was always under torture for my sins, which were supposed to be "a love of worldly pleasures," child that I was, sins which were never mine even in my mature years.

I was in this state by day and night, haunted by the torture of the doom to eternal torment, so vividly pictured in sermon, exhortation and prayer, unless those sins were confessed and forsaken. I had brief intervals of exaltation from a comforting sense of safety in having at times found forgiveness, and made my

"peace with God," as it was termed. One feature of this torture was especially trying;—in the season of my so-called backsliding, I was sometimes found with a group of merry hearted children, swinging back and forth over the sidewalk on a heavy iron gate of my uncle's banking house grounds, in which home we lived with him. In the midst of these innocent frolics a voice would ring out from the street, musical but severe, "Car-o-line, do you not know that you are swinging on the gate of Hell?" It was the voice of a leading lawyer, a close friend of my uncle's, —a man so elegant and so handsome that he was the admiration of the young people in the peaceful intervals between the fearful revival times.

Another incident, which emphasizes the fanaticism of the time and impressed me, as a child, only as a proof of my uncle's care for souls, was the deliberate attempt of this zealous uncle, with the help of a young clerk, to save the soul of the beloved great-grandmother of the family,—a saint in all her life and ways, and this by a siege of prayer for her, in her own pretty chamber, as a sinner who, being in the Episcopal church, was presumed to need conversion; and to seek forgiveness through their intercession for sins of which she was not conscious. The old lady, sweet and gentle as she was, sat serenely in her small rocking chair and did not kneel, but thanked them kindly when the long hour and more was over. This effort aroused my grandmother to a righteous indignation as an impertinence and confirmed them both in their love for the milder creed of their own church.

I was under bondage to authority, dogma and conservative ideas, until I married into a family of strong anti-slavery convictions and courage to stand for them in an unsympathetic community and times—which marriage led into active sympathy with them, as well as into ardent admiration of the great-hearted house mother, who had taken under its shelter and its wise training from time to time thirteen young girls, to whom it was a genuine home, until they were fitted for homes of their own; and had also done the rarer kindness of persuading her husband to offer a home to the four orphan sons of a cousin for whom he had a warm attachment and would have married, but for the near relationship. That dear woman should have her place on a saint's calendar, and has, on my own.

This experience led us, with many others, into secession from the old Presbyterian church of the town, as persons who could no longer sit conscientiously under a preacher, nor in fellowship with a church where the golden rule of Christianity was not recognized as applicable to all men and women, whatever the color of their skin, and crinkle, or non-crinkle, of their hair; a church from which the eloquent and earnest advocates of that belief were virtually excluded. The new church, simple in architecture and hospitable in spirit, welcomed these advocates and prospered in numbers and in influence in the community.

Still later, the Rev. Chas. Fitch, a man of majestic presence and contagious enthusiasm, an eloquent and able preacher, was called to this church and wrought mightily upon it and upon many thoughtful persons outside it, with his striking array of texts from the Old Testament prophets, which he made to bear,—convincingly to them,—upon the second coming of Christ and its near approach. So much impressed, among many others, was my husband,—a banker and a merry-hearted man of affairs, that he ordered work abandoned upon a house which we were then having built for a permanent home, to the amazement, of course, of his staid business friends. And his impetuous wife, supported by an earnest woman of the church, and fortified with what they thought the unassailable arguments, drawn from an infallible Bible by the eloquent preacher,—these two set out upon the audacious effort to confront, and, they did not doubt, convert off-hand, the preacher whose church they had left, a man of mature years and unusual dignity. That he was dumb from amazement at the unwonted foray they did not then suppose, but flattered themselves that it was from inability to refute the arguments which they had offered. But the future of that honest attempt to use the Bible in support of any theory, by a grouping of selected texts, resulted in weakening my faith in the infallible authority of any man or book.

Thereafter I was free to examine and accept any truth or doctrine which commended itself to my reason and conscience,—"the light which lighteth every man" (and presumably woman) to whom they are given. And the true leaders and helpers are they who have these faculties in fullest development—are they not?

An event which occurred soon after this and which many amused themselves by calling a specimen of simple fanaticism, was an address in our town by Andrew Jackson Davis, but it was, I am sure, helpful to those who dared venture to hear the proscribed man, "infidel," etc., as he was called, even then, in his sanest, best condition. The address was a rhapsody on the unrecognized value of life,—its marvelous resources and possibilities, and the responsibility upon all thoughtful and more fortunate persons to make life known as such and worth living to *all* God's children. Its effect upon me was so great, so thrilling, that I struck off at white heat, some stanzas, beginning:

> "Heirs of the ages, rise, be bold:
> The hour calls for you, and the old
> In sin and shame, awaits your stroke,"

and so on. Thereafter, I heard gladly writers and speakers who had, or claimed to have, a helpful message to deliver. The Hutchinson family, called by N. P. Willis "a nest of brothers with a sister in it," and such a sister, came to our city on one of their western trips. Beguiled by the charm and sweetness of their sympathetic music and its sentiments, I joined them on the short trip to a neighboring town, to be spectator at a woman's rights meeting, and found there a group of earnest thoughtful women and a few friends of the other sex. I found also, another broadening of my moral and mental horizon. There seemed then, and there has seemed since, no *flaw* in the logic which claimed it to be the *duty* of our legislators to take the mother from the category of the alien, the criminal and the lunatic, and place her on an equality with the sons she bears as an equal partner of "the two who sit beside the hearth."

This experience led me to a confession of my new belief, through the press of our city, and brought me an invitation from its library association to lecture before it,—an opportunity which I dared not decline, as it would be useful in drawing attention there to so vital an issue, and would, no doubt, open the platform of such associations to women, which had not then been done. Feeling that I should never live for another such effort, I put into my paper, under the broad title "Humanity, a Definition and a Plea," all the arguments I could muster to my aid,—enough material, as Rev. Thomas Beecher told me after, for *three papers*,—as he had done with his *first* sermon, and under the same fear, that it *might* be his *last*.

This effort brought me into relation with a sympathetic band of Ohio women, and before its legislature, to urge their petition for suffrage. I did this under a courteous introduction from Judge John A. Foote, a leader in our church, a brother of Commodore Foote, and then a member of the Ohio Senate. But I had no ambition or gifts for platform work; and after a few repetitions of my paper, most formidable of all in the vast Tremont Temple in Boston, under the "Fraternity Course" of Theodore Parker's church—I

did little in that way. I was made happy in my dread of this ordeal by Mr. Parker's assurance to the management that I would have been his personal choice, and by the sympathetic faces below the platform of dear Elizabeth Peabody, who had helped me to cut my huge address; and of the other friend, Mrs. Eliza Follen, widow of the noble German, Dr. Follen, Professor at Harvard and lost on Long Island Sound in the ill-fated "Lexington."

Another field I ventured to explore, by the aid of all the literature then at command,—Dr. Alcott and Graham's theories of reformed diet and water cure treatment, with such foreign M. D.'s as were then investigating health topics. It was the field of hygiene. Through this study I became emancipated from drugs and well-nigh from physicians, and learned to trust nature to do her work well by her own remedies of "rest" for stomach as well as other muscles; pure, untainted air by night no less than by day, by securing the oxygenation and assimilation of the food, which should be nourishing and not stimulating and irritating, or aggressive, and, in short, that "plain living" by which we compass high thinking. Thus may we be fitted for the sacred service to our fellows through the proper reverence for the wonderful mechanism of our human bodies, a service which is no less a delight than a duty.

This hygienic study came about through the stress of my anxiety for my husband, whose parents had died in mid-life of New England's scourge, consumption, and whose three brothers had soon followed by the same disease; and under the dread that our children might, at the least, develop a tendency to the same. And I was well rewarded by the escape of all our children and the lengthened life of my husband to 78 years.

This experience and others of its like, with the resultant close observation and eager following of the scientific investigations of specialists, I count as among the most helpful of my mature life. It confirmed my faith in Huxley's fine statement of the *physical* basis of life and Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual Realm," and emphasized the unity of all life and law. Advanced scientists are now teaching the unity of all natural forces and that the law of health is the proper adjustment of these overruling forces. This is, to me, a vital part of the Gospel of Glad Tidings, and has so inspired me with its value and helpfulness that I have often erred, I fear, in seeking to spread it where it was really needed but not always welcome. Self-control and daily vigilance are so difficult with the best of us, and so often distasteful.

Life grew still richer to me as the years went on, with the coming of the noble men and women to our town from the East, with their vital themes, and my desire to meet them in their homes and haunts became unconquerable;—to touch if but "with extremest flounce, the circle" of their fellowship,—to use Mrs. Browning's lines a little freely;—which desire wrought its fulfillment by a removal to Boston in 1855. New England's Augustan age in literature and the critical era of its early reform movements, were then in full tide;—Emerson, Alcott, Lowell, Sumner, Theodore Parker, Whittier, James Freeman Clarke, were leaders in both literature and reform,—Wendell Phillips, whose eloquent tongue and superb gifts were put at the service of his fellows, of women, of the working man, and of the colored man;—all who needed justice, in *any* land;—William L. Garrison, the heroic leader of the anti-slavery crusade, with his indomitable courage, shown, in brief, in the magnificent defiance: "I will *not* retract, I will *not* equivocate,—I *will* be heard;"—a sentence that *has* been "heard around the world," as was the shot fired by the embattled farmers at Lexington.

A host also was there of active and noble women,—among them being Lydia Maria Child (Margaret Fuller was then in Italy, but had left the influence of her strong personality and profound grasp of ideas upon the thought of New England); Elizabeth Peabody, the great-hearted woman and rare scholar, and Mrs. Horace Mann, her sister; Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, who later dedicated her fine gifts to reform and made herself immortal by her "Battle Hymn;" Edna D. Cheney, widow of the artist; "Mary A. Livermore, whose remarkable service in the civil war and her unexcelled record on the platform later, have made her known the world over;" Lucy Stone, also as eloquent on the platform, and of like service to the cause of woman; Mrs. Judge Sewall, a most gentle, lovable woman, author of the poem, "Why Thus Longing?" Mrs Lucy Goddard, of great charm and of great helpfulness in Mr. Freeman Clarke's church, as was Mrs. Cheney in this prehistoric work; and Abby May of the historic family of which were Mrs. Bronson Alcott, saintly Samuel J. May, founder of the hospital for "Women and Children" under the wise and enthusiastic Dr. Marie Zakrjewska, and in its later work. Of great moment, too, was the work for "Woman Suffrage" and the organization of the "New England Woman's Club," among the useful activities of which club were the securing of women on the school board, and as Supervisors and the initiative of other valuable movements. I had also a share in the work of the "Woman's Educational Union," the "Woman's Physiologic Society;" the Woman's "Moral Education Association," which held to prevention and not "reform" in that line,—and in a lively effort, by Club, Church, and Physicians, for a sensible dress reform—helpful to those engaged in it, if not so immediately to others. The bondage to the vague authorities on the matter, and the lack of courage to break the bonds which bear so fearfully on the health of mothers and children, make one almost despair of the women of our enlightened times and render the cultivation of courage one of the most important items in the education of our young girls in the home and in the school.

Another and one of my last helpful experiences came to me from work in the "Free Religious Association" organized after Mr. Parker's death and as a result of his attitude and teachings. This was a forerunner of your Congress,—founded like that, *not* to separate, but to unite all honest searchers after the essentials of the universal, in religion and in life. In this work were engaged Rev. O. B. Frothingham, scholarly and courageous, who represented the aristocracy of Boston; Thomas Wentworth Higginson, the charming literateur; Rev. Wm. J. Potter, a beloved pastor of North Bedford, and of most gentle nature; the brilliant John Weiss; Felix Adler, of New York, and David A. Wasson, of New England, a writer of remarkable and powerful poems, written from an agonizing invalidism of years. One of these poems, entitled "Jubilate," although the name was changed by his publishers to the weaker title "All's Well," places him among the "major poets." It is a royal trumpet-toned celebration of the resources of the soul in its mental and spiritual endowments and opportunities. The women active in this work were Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Mr. Parker's helper, and a power for good in art and reform; and Hannah Stevenson, also one of his intellectual friends. In their companionship I filled my lesser role with great delight and profit.

On reaching Boston in 1855 we went of a Sunday to Music Hall, where Theo. Parker preached to a vast audience; and enjoyed his indomitable courage in driving home to each hearer, his immediate duty to his

fellows, as citizens, and as patriots. This he did with the power and fervor of the Hebrew prophets, under the command to cry aloud and spare not:—"to tell my people that they go forward," etc. A great service was his, to pulpit and pew, the country over, and to all good "courses." His home life was also a helpful, ideal one, but the bigotry of even so late a day was shown most emphatically in the bitter scorn of the press and the prayers of conservative pulpits, which blindly assume even in our time and city that the truth is endangered by a brave utterance not in line with the old thoughts.

In these attacks on him by Christian pulpits and in Christian prayers, such appeals were made as that the Lord "would put a bit in his mouth," and "deliver the city from the curse of his presence and heresies!" Only a few free souls, even of the Unitarians, stood by him in his sincere utterances, or invited him to their pulpits—and *now*, none of them here or abroad, who fail to claim him as leader, or to have reached his advanced position. This is the final record and reward of all valiant and sincere "disturbers of the peace" of the conservatism of their day.

Like Parker, Mr. Emerson also was rated as a disturber when, under the stress of stern conviction, he left the Unitarian pulpit, where he felt compromised by the required use of the "communion service," which was then performed as a condition of salvation and as, he thought, recognizing a dual divinity or creator.

These two courageous souls deserve to rank with Lloyd Garrison, in passion for justice to all, in calm ignoring of results to themselves, and personal sympathy and intercourse as a liberal education. To meet them on the street, sweetened and made memorable the day. The same was true of Garrison, and more in his home-life, of which he was the sunny center, of Phillips, as well as of Parker and Freeman Clarke. How little they all realized what Emerson wrote impersonally "Nor knowest thou what argument thy life to thy neighbor's creed has lent." To see Emerson enter a room where his presence brought release from all worries and small interests—to hear him read, in his rich, quiet voice, at our "New England Woman's Club," and invite criticism on a manuscript designed later for a larger public, to see him at the famed and unique "Radical Club," where his profound grasp of all vital and mortal topics made him a reconciling factor, as well as a leader—was to be blest indeed, and an event never to lose its impressiveness was to hear him read, with impassioned emphasis, his "Boston Hymn" at close of the war, to the thrilled audience in Music Hall. One special incident in a paper read by him at the Radical Club put me under personal obligations, as describing me to myself, satisfactorily, for the first time! This was, that in making a study of the foundations of Paris he mentioned an earnest French woman, a delighted attendant, but not an active member, who spoke of herself as only "having the gift from God of loving superior persons." An event it was, also, in the early Boston days, to gather with his "few but fit" disciples at the quiet "Freeman Place Chapel" off Beacon street, and fall under the spell of the worshipful atmosphere which rendered the peculiarities of his delivery only additional charms! Another event which was kindred to the noted Boston Hymn was the reading by Fanny Kemble and at the same stirring period, of Longfellow's "Sail on, oh, ship of state," with her most tragic emphasis, and with the dear poet, silver-haired and radiant, in the audience, as were Holmes, Lowell, Sumner, and, I think, Garrison and Phillips, with Mrs. Howe, and kindred literary and sympathetic women.

But I cannot call the roll of all the inspiring persons and occasions which the fruitful Boston life brought me. I went to the Mecca of my hope "a passionate pilgrim;" I was not disappointed. I went for its atmosphere only, as Bronson Alcott had advised me to do, not expecting more than that from its crystallized cliques and exclusive circles. But I found most gracious welcome to hearts and homes, and rejoice always in the fate which brought me such rare blessedness.

It is thus, dear friends, that I have taken my college course, as I am wont to say, in the University, under these broad minded tutors;—souls eager for any truth which might widen and gladden their vision and help thus toward human welfare. After such vital training one might almost say of conventional training, as Emerson said of going through Harvard, that the gain of it "was only to learn how little one needed to go."

One of the rare pleasures of my Boston days was to meet the dear poet of the people, J. G. Whittier, as he welcomed us from the platform of Music Hall; to catch a glimpse of him as he took a "private view" of the gathering of the Radical Club, through the crack of gathering of the Radical Club, though the crack of a a door which opened upon it, and to meet him at his hotel in winter.

But this New England experience ended with our coming to Southern California in '75 for rest and to make a home for the two sons already here. We found Los Angeles a town of great possibilities and many attractions, but with only the few advantages of all frontier towns. I soon plunged ardently into the work of helping to add to these, in organizing a "Free kindergarten" association, a woman's club, small in its beginnings, but later reorganized into the present popular and successful "Friday Morning Club;" a neighborhood "book club," with the efficient aid of our Unitarian pastor, John D. Wells. At his coming we had opened our home library for gathering those interested in that church. Our interest was enlisted in this movement because that church stands for character and not creed; for the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. We have since felt drawn into a helpful effort to make this faith *practical*. Under the earnest and eloquent efforts of the Rev. W. P. D. Bliss, of J. Stitt Wilson and Rev. R. M. Webster, who strive sincerely for the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth; also of Rev. Burt Estes Howard, who seemed the embodiment of the text which he incorporated into each Sunday service, and read with great emphasis: "I am anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor, to open the prison doors, to let the oppressed go free," etc. Called now to another sphere of influence at Stanford University, which may be thought by many a promotion, we can only hope that his interest may not grow purely academic, and so cause him to lose his wonderful hold on the masses, whose needs "are at our door" and cannot be ignored or postponed, with justice to them, nor safety to the republic.

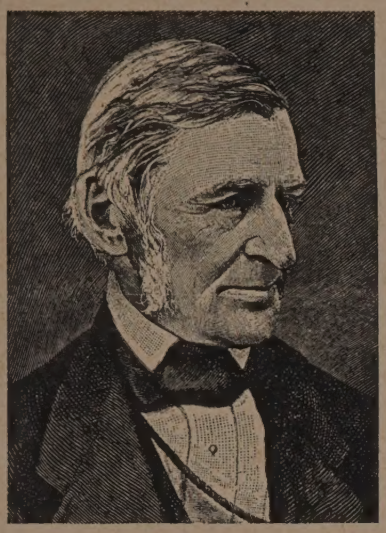
We seem now to have come in our political history to the parting of the ways,—to the choice between serving God or Mammon. "Things *are* in the saddle and ride mankind." Greed, avarice, cruel selfishness, have come to scoff at the ideals which made us a true "world power" and the hope of the nations. They ignore the Ten Commandments of the old dispensation and the Golden Rule of the new, making havoc of them, and coolly claiming that they have no bearing on the week day business life.

And now, my friends, I am in my sunset years, still reaping as the rich harvest of my rare opportunities and associations and from fields where I have not personally sown, such appreciation and gratitude as are often overwhelming. Not only this, but the thought of "What I aspired to be, and was not, comforts me."

1803 MAY TWENTY-FIFTH 1903

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

A CENTENNIAL APPRECIATION.



VIII.

(Copyright.)

Emerson's Poem, "Days."

BY W. H. HARRIS.

The poem "Days" opens with a beautiful poetic figgure—a long procession of muffled forms, like "barefoot dervishes," are seen aproaching and departing, each with his face masked so as to conceal its expression. These are the "Days" personified. Their file stretches out to endless extent; it comes from eternity, passes by us, and proceeds on to eternity; but each day brings with it "gifts" to mortal men and women, gifts adapted to gratify all desires.

Here a worthy and poetic figure is found after all the ages which will convert the commonplace procession of the Days into a solemn ceremonial march, the arrival and departure of opportunities to men.

What is more prosaic than the succession of the days, especially when united to the prosaic commonplaces of life—"Solomon Grundy, born on Monday, christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday," etc., or even (on the hint of Mrs. Whitney), "The Seven Ages" of Shakespeare? "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow creep on with petty pace, and all our yesterdays have lighted fools to dusty death." Who can make the succession of days poetic?

But Emerson reminds us of the opportunities which are brought by these stately figures, the Days. Here the Concord poet gives his exhaustive list of good things that are offered by the divine being to humanity. It is a scale of benefits reaching from the earth to the fixed stars. Nay, it transcends the stars, for it offers to each man "bread, kingdom, stars, and sky that holds them all." Here it is "bread" for the senses. Bread stands for a type of all good things that may come to man's body, all that may minister to his appetite for food, clothing, shelter, amusement and pleasure. Then the next step, "kingdoms," includes all objects of ambition. It is the man's egotism or selfishness that craves power, desires to gain influence, desires to accentuate his individuality. A worthy ambition may desire fame for great deeds, for high thoughts, for discoveries in science, for epics and dramas. But under this second head come all objects of ambition. The Days offer opportunity for the human being to provide himself with bodily gratifications and for the satisfaction of his ambition.

But there are two higher classes of objects for man. He may use the opportunities which the Days bring him for the attainment of wisdom and beauty and holiness. He may attain the "stars" of insight into truth, of the disciplined will which "makes for righteousness," and of the æsthetic sense that turns all prosaic objects in this world into transparent lenses through which the Divine beauty is seen revealed. These "stars" are highest good things, but the "sky" is full of them. The gracious God in sending us the Days with their opportunities does not limit us to some of these highest things, but offers us from his bounty the whole of them. In fact, the more we get of these high things the easier it is to get others of equal or greater value. He therefore, offers us the "sky that holds them all." He offers us, too, himself. This classification of the "gifts" which the ceremonial procession (the "pomps") of the Days offers to our choice, is not only a poetic conception of great beauty, but it is a philosophical classification of the ideals of humanity.

The poem in its first six lines gives us this picture of the Days, and the ceremonial pomp or solemn procession in which they take part, and its significance to human beings. The last five lines express the disappointment which each human being must feel when he compares his divine opportunities with his slender achievement. He tells us that he watched the pomp in his pleached garden, looking up through the interwoven branches of the fruit trees. He forgot his morning wishes and took only a "few herbs and apples," accepting "bread" instead of "kingdoms" or "stars," or the all-containing "sky." The Day turned and departed in silence. But he caught a glimpse of the terrible scorn under her solemn fillet as she turned away. Her scorn answered back the scorn with which her highest gifts had been rejected.

> "Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,
> Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,
> And marching single in an endless file,
> Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.
> To each they offer gifts after his will,—
> Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.
> I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,
> Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
> Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day
> Turned and departed silent. I too late
> Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn."

In the first number of the Atlantic Monthly (December, 1859) were printed four short poems contributed by Mr. Emerson: One of them was the present poem "Days," and a second one was entitled "Brahma." This achieved celebrity at once by reason of its plain, terse statement of the doctrine of the "Bhagavad Gita." It is, in fact, a very complete summary in four stanzas of the eighteen chapters of the "Bhagavad Gita." "If the red slayer thinks he slays, or if the slain think he is slain" excited the risibility of the average American Philistine and drew out parodies from the newspaper poets all over the country.

Very few persons at that epoch had any acquaintance whatever with Oriental literature. In these days of esoteric Buddhism, Theosophy, and "The Light of Asia," the appearance of such a poem would not excite mirth.

The other two poems included "The Romany Girl" and "The Chartists' Complaint."

Before we can bring happiness to others, we must first be happy ourselves; nor will happiness abide within us unless we confer it on others.—*Maeterlinck.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Second Series—A Study of Special Habits.

By W. L. SHELDON, Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HABIT OF BORROWING.

Proverbs or Verses.

"A borrowed cloak does not keep one warm."
"Beware of borrowing; it bringeth care by night and disgrace by day."—*Hindoo.*
"Borrowed garments never fit well."
"He who is quick at borrowing, is slow at paying."
"Borrowing makes sorrowing."
"Much borrowing destroys credit."
"When one borrows, one cannot choose."
"A hundred years of vexation will not pay a farthing of debt."
"Borrowing does well only once."
"Borrowing is the mother of trouble."
"He that goes a-borrowing goes a-sorowing."
"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend."—*Shakespeare.*

Dialogue.

Suppose a boy or girl comes to you and says: "Let me have your lead pencil." What do you call that? "Begging," you say. Yes, but what else might it be, instead? "Oh," you answer, "it may be that they want to borrow it."

Do you think it is right to borrow? "Why, yes, surely," you tell me. Then you mean that if I come to ask for your pencil and your penknife and your money and your clothes, and keep on borrowing indefinitely, it's all right, is it? "No," you add, "that would be too much." But why? I ask.

"It depends," you reply, "on how much one borrows or how often one does it." You assume, then, that it may possibly be that too much borrowing would not be exactly right.

But what do people borrow for? Why should they do it? "As to that," you explain, "there is something they need and which they do not happen to have. It is a convenience for them to borrow this for a short time."

But is there any other motive for borrowing besides just mere convenience? What would you say, for instance, of a man who asked you to lend him something which you really needed for your own use, when he might get that thing for himself if only he would take a little trouble in order to secure it?

"Why," you assert, "that is borrowing perhaps because one is lazy." But is there any other motive besides mere convenience, or sheer laziness, that leads people to borrow?

What if a person happens to know that you have spent money in purchasing a thing, and he comes and asks to borrow it, so as not to have to spend the money himself?

"Oh," you assert, "that is scheming. It is selfishness. There may be no reason why he should not go and buy it just as we did." We have found, have we, that borrowing can proceed from motives of laziness or *selfishness,* just as much as for the sake of convenience?

So far as you have observed boys and girls or men and women, do you notice that all people borrow to the same extent? "No," you say, "one person may be more selfish or lazy than another." But is that all? Might they not do it, even if they were not people of that kind?

"Yes," you answer, "perhaps they might do this just by getting into the habit of it." True, people may just fall into the habit of borrowing, who had not at first done it very often. It may have *begun* from laziness or selfishness or merely because it was occasionally convenient, and then they do it constantly.

But do you see any reason why people should be a little cautious about getting into the habit of borrowing? What difference should it make, after all, provided we are careful to return what we borrow?

"Yes," you insist, "it does make a difference; other people may not like us so much, if we are all the time given to borrowing." Then you think, do you, that this habit could make us unpopular with others?

But could it really injure one's character? "Yes," you answer, "it can make one more lazy. It may also cultivate selfishness. We may fall into the habit of using our friends, rather than of taking trouble, ourselves."

What about the matter of honesty in regard to borrowing? Did you ever hear of a person who borrowed something and forgot to return it? I see you smile at the question. But why?

"Oh," you say, "because there are lots of such people." Do you really imply that they borrow, as a rule, and do not intend to return it? "No," you assure me, "more often they really do intend to return it when they borrow it."

Then why is it that they fail to do so? "Carelessness," you reply. "They keep putting off returning it, until by and by they forget all about it."

Is that honesty? Is that justice? Is that fair? "No," you admit, "it is dishonesty. It is mean." Then you think, do you, that the habit of borrowing may lead us into habits of dishonesty?

But suppose you borrow something and do return it, then is it all right, everything satisfactory? "It depends," you tell me, "on the condition of the thing when it is returned." "For example," you add, "we may borrow a book of another person and soil it, so that when it is returned it is not in as nice condition as before."

But is that as bad as not returning it at all? "No, not quite as bad," you say, "but it is a form of dishonesty."

How do you think we should deal with things that we have borrowed from others? Should we treat them just as we treat things which belonged to ourselves? "No," you insist, "one ought to be even more careful and take *greater* pains with something one has borrowed."

Yes, I suspect you are right. If we borrow a book, we ought to put a cover on it, perhaps. If we receive anything in that way we should be unusually careful in regard to it. You are right, if we return it in a poorer condition than we received it, then it is a form of stealing.

But could a man do anything about it? If I lend a book and you returned it in not quite as nice condition as before, could I make you pay for it? "Probably not," you say. In that case is it not even worse to do a thing of that kind? Is it not positively mean to injure a thing belonging to another, when there is no possible redress?

How, then, does it injure one's self to fall into the habit of borrowing? Does it make us weaker, or stronger in character? Are we more, or less dependent on ourselves? "Why," you answer, "it makes us less self-dependent, of course."

You assume, do you, that people who get into the habit of borrowing, really have less self-respect than before?

Now I come to another point. If you have borrowed something and return it, is that all you have to do, just to give it back again, provided it is in as good condition as before? "No," you say, "one should also express one's thanks."

Do you feel, then, that everything would be settled? Is there anything more you could do? Suppose one family borrows half a cup of sugar—to use a very simple illustration—when the family undertakes to return it, would it be the right way to measure it exactly, an even half cup?

"No," you add, "it might be better to put in a little more than one received." Why? I ask. "Because," you explain, "it would be a little nicer; it would show that we are more grateful, more appreciative."

Yes, that is true. If we borrow something and can return a little more without hurting another's feelings, we should always be sure to do it—not as payment, but as a courtesy.

Is there anything else you could do? "Yes," you answer, "we might turn about and try to do something for them, render them a favor in return." You are right. That is a point to be considered.

When, by the way, you borrow something of another, what sort of a relation do you establish between yourself and the other person? "Why," you tell me, "we put ourselves under an obligation to another."

What would you mean by that? "Oh," you say, "it would imply that other persons are entitled to ask all sorts of favors of us in return." And you assume, do you, that this would be rather embarrassing? If so, it is another serious objection to this habit.

From what persons are we most justified in borrowing, if we do this at all? "Why," you say, "from one's family or one's friends." But under what special circumstances would you feel most free to do this?

Suppose, for instance, a person was using a thing himself just when you wanted it, would you feel quite at liberty to go and borrow it? "No," you assert, "we should try to do it when it will cause the least inconvenience to the person from whom we ask it."

Speaking of this habit as a whole, what do people borrow most of all; clothes, would you say, or things to eat? "No," you answer, "it is money more than anything else." But could one have more than one purpose in borrowing money?

Which do you think would be the worse habit; to borrow money to spend, or to borrow it as capital with which to improve one's business, for instance? "As to that," you say, "we should feel more ashamed to borrow money merely in order to spend it on our pleasures." But why? I ask. "Because," you continue, "it seems more selfish."

Yes, you are right. But is there any other reason? "Well," you add, "perhaps one might be less able to return it."

Points of the Lesson.

I. That borrowing is right. But *too much* borrowing is *not* always right.

II. That some people borrow—for convenience sake.

III. That some borrow from laziness or sheer selfishness.

IV. That others borrow just because they have fallen into the habit of it.

V. That the habit of borrowing may lead to dishonesty, by making us careless about returning a thing.

VI. That we should be more careful of a borrowed thing than of our own property.

VII. That we should try to return a little more than we borrow.

VIII. That borrowing puts us under obligations to others.

IX. That if we borrow money we should do it only *when absolutely necessary.*

X. That borrowing, if a habit, may be an injury to ourselves, besides making us a "Nuisance" to others.

Duties.

I. We ought to be ready to lend to others in case of need, but be slow to borrow from others.

II. We ought to be even more careful with something we have borrowed than with anything which is our own property.

FURTHER SUGGESTIONS TO THE TEACHER: It is important that we should avoid arousing too strong a prejudice against borrowing and lending as methods in business life—else it might cause confusion in the minds of the young people, when they know that their fathers are doing this in one way or another. The distinction could be pointed out that borrowing in the commercial world is more of a business transaction, in that people rent money just as they rent houses, and receive a rent for it in the form of interest. The kind of borrowing we have been dealing with in this lesson, is the form of mutual good will, with no business considerations in it, and where there is to be no pay or rent for the object lent or the service rendered. It would be better not to go into the subject of usury, but limit the discussion to the one phase of borrowing just mentioned. On the other hand, it may be well to raise a voice of warning against the danger of involving one's self in debt, even where it is a financial transaction. This point, however, can only be made in a general way with a warning to the young concerning the evil of going too far in taking risks of this kind and thus bringing on ruin to one's self or one's family. Caution, again, must be used here, however, in fear lest there be some reflection cast on the parents of the members of the class.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Social Unrest.*

I have read many scores of books touching the subject of this one, but never one, heretofore, impressing me so much as this with its practical knowledge of the subject and its intelligent sympathy in dealing with the various aspects of the industrial problem which it presents. For a full quarter of a century Mr. Brooks has been engaged in the study of labor problems, not merely in books, but through closest intimacy and observation, and we have here the ripe fruit of his experience garnered up for such as hunger for such simple and nutritious food. He does not undervalue the literature of his subject, but he values much more highly his face to face acquaintance with both labor and capital. The impression we receive is of an equal acquaintance with both. Hundreds of conversations with capitalists and much actual living among workingmen have yielded their results to a discussion which abounds in details of great significance and in general conclusions that deserve the attention of all thoughtful citizens.

Doubtless to many Mr. Brooks' diagnosis will seem more clear and confident than his proposal of remedies appropriate to the patient's need. But we have had no end of panaceas, so that a careful investigator may well hesitate to add another to the list of those discredited. What emerges from a multitude of details is the persuasion that organized labor is the necessary product of industrial conditions and that an endeavor to crush it on the part of organized capital will encourage the development of a crude political socialism, which will be terribly hostile not only to the interests of capital, but to the general public good. This is the diagnosis, and the remedy proposed is more of "mutual agreement" between capital and labor. Good examples are given of the efficacy of this remedy, and others pointing to the crying need of it. Incidental to these principal lines of negative and positive representation, there is much interesting matter touching the most various aspects of the industrial problem. There is an important study of "equality," eliminating its more accidental meanings and arriving at its essential character. There is an equally careful study of "Man and Society *versus* Machinery," with a plea for more consideration for the workman at points of transition from one kind of machinery to another. In connection with this matter we have a careful section on accidents caused by machinery, and the degree of the workman's "contributory negligence." There is no glozing of the defects of labor combination, but there is a serious claim that many of its worst defects are copies of capitalist abuses and

The Social Unrest Studies in Labor and Socialist Movement. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1903.

also that a process of improvement is steadily going on. Four chapters expressly devoted to Socialism are careful studies of this phenomenon as it has declared itself in Germany and Belgium. We are assured that the trend has been from a theoretic, speculative, *a priori* socialism to a form that is constructive, opportunist in a good sense, and practical. But we in America shall have the worse kind, not the better, unless our capitalist "powers that be" improve their morals and their manners and take the line of mutual agreement in preference to that of mutual opposition. Mr. Brooks' book is made more interesting and more valuable by its frequent reference to labor conditions in the anthracite coal region. J. W. C.

Prof. Sidgwick's Methods of Ethics.*

Professor Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics," 1874, was undoubtedly one of the most important studies of ethics issuing from England in the second half of the last century. Its running mates were Spencer's "Data of Ethics," Leslie Stephen's "Science of Ethics" and Thomas Hill Green's "Prolegomena to Ethics." These lectures deal critically with two of these books; with Spencer's "Principles of Ethics" at the same time. How gladly would we have had them so far extended as to deal with Sir Leslie Stephen's book and with Paulsen's "System of Ethics!" The purpose of Sidgwick's "Methods" was to unify Intuitionism and Utilitarianism, which are commonly regarded, and especially by Martineau, as in thorough-going antagonism to each other. If those most concerned did not find the argument entirely convincing they found it extremely able and important. But later Professor Sidgwick came to regard the Transcendentalist and Evolutionist Schools as, while opposing each other, the principal rivals of his own system. Green and Spencer were the pre-eminent representatives of these schools. Martineau was intuitional with Sidgwick, but not Utilitarian, and frankly dissented from Sidgwick's attempted reconciliation.

The Lectures as printed have not had the benefit of Professor Sidgwick's revision. They suffer from this cause. Always a difficult writer he is made much more so by the choppy manner in which he is presented here, the matter sometimes having the form of mere notes. It also suffers from being a criticism of particulars in Green, Spencer and Martineau—particulars to which we are sometimes referred—the text of them not being given. The general impression is discouraging. What is the ethical layman going to do when here are three of the best minds in England, specialists, disagreeing at so many points? Happy are we if we may conclude that ethics is one thing and morals quite another, and that the duties of each respective day are quite independent of these recondite considerations. Before passing from the form of the book, I should have said that there is an analytical summary of its contents which is the best thing of this kind I have ever seen.

Coming to the lectures we have first a searching review of Green's metaphysical basis of ethics, then one, equally searching, of his views of Freedom and Volition, Moral and Immoral Action, the Good Will, the Moral Ideal, and so on. It does not seem possible that this criticism can be otherwise then seriously damaging to Green's philosophical reputation. The criticism of his account of Greek Ethics convicts him of an extremely superficial knowledge of that subject. Arriving at Green's specific treatment of Hedonism, Sidgwick refutes the notion that if we grant his metaphysical basis we are obliged to accept that treatment as a valid one. Taken as a whole Mr. Sidgwick's book is progressively sympathetic with the individuals to whose teaching he objects. His treatment of Spencer is much more sympathetic than his treatment of Green, and his treatment of Martineau is much more sympathetic than his treatment of Spencer; to some extent because he and Martineau have intuitionalism in common, but it is clear that Martineau has for him a personal attraction which the other competitors have not, inviting him to more of tenderness and reverence. Much of his criticism of Spencer is directed against Spencer's general doctrine that the end of morality is "quantity of life," but there is a good deal of lively criticism of Spencer's particular ethical ideas, and this brings the discussion closer to our practical morality. Thus, for example, Spencer's anti-militarism is treated at good length and though it does not shake my faith in the general soundness of Spencer's position, I must confess that some of the points against Spencer are well conceived and forcibly maintained.

The criticism of Martineau's system counters that system at several important points. That of Martineau's "springs of action" will certainly have been anticipated in the private thinking of many readers of Martineau, however great their general admiration for his mind and work. Very brief, but very effective, is the criticism upon Martineau's darling thought that the authority of duty is the authority of another Person—God. For Martineau confesses—emphatically declares—that what makes God an "authority" is his obedience to an inward rule of right. "If then," says Sidgwick, "moral rules, when conceived as divine commands, are thought to have authority because they emanate from an Omnipotent Person, but only because they emanate from a person who wills in accordance with a rule of right, I cannot conceive how they should lose this authority, even if the 'other person' is eliminated altogether, provided that the 'rule of right' is left." In general Sidgwick succeeds in implicating Martineau in much greater concessions to the Utilitarian principle than Martineau was conscious of making.

* Lectures on the Ethics of T. H. Green, Mr. Herbert Spencer and J. Martineau. By Henry Sidgwick. London: Macmillan & Company.

Notes.

From Orange Judd Company, of New York, I have a book which should be in the hands of every farmer and land tiller. The one subject of all others that now concerns agriculture, is some method of tillage which will enable us to meet those changes of water supply which intensify into droughts and destroy sometimes one-third of all our farm products. The title of the book is Irrigation Farming; it is a hand book for the proper application of water in the production of crops, by Lucius M. Wilcox, editor of *Field and Farm.* Bear in mind that this book does not intend to discuss irrigation of the arid sections of the United States only, but is adapted to all sections and all States. In our eastern States we are losing frequently from one hundred to two hundred dollars an acre from a drought of a few weeks' continuance. What is wanted is a system of water supply that will not leave us victims of the weather. While we are trying to undo the wretched work accomplished by the destruction of our forests, we must devise just what this book undertakes to show, methods of simple irrigation, not too costly, not difficult to apply and which will be worth many millions to the United States. The book is practical and simple, and I can recommend it to UNITY readers.

From the same house I have received a small volume, entitled Home Floriculture,—a practical guide to the treatment of flowering and other ornamental plants, by Eben E. Rexford. Almost everybody knows Mr. Rexford and his zeal for floriculture. His articles are found in almost every valuable horticultural journal in the United States. The book which I am look-

ing through has the advantage of not trying to do too much. It gives good advice in a compact form, and the lists of plants recommended are very judicious. I have tried to find something in the volume to criticise; but it is plain that Mr. Rexford lives so close to nature that he knows what he is talking about every time. His advice is good for those who cultivate house plants, and it is equally to the point for those who are cultivating gardens.

From G. P. Putnam's Sons I am in receipt of the last volume of the Heroes of the Nations Series. The series consists of biographical studies, presenting the lives and works of great historical characters, the telling of which will, in the majority of cases, be the relation of the history of a special period. The volume in hand treats of Augustus Caesar and the organization of the Empire of Rome. It is a period of thrilling interest to those who are historical students. The story is so told as to make a complete picture by itself. My own view of the study of history radically diverges from those who take it up in scraps and fragments. I would make all history and language study follow the line of the evolution of man, and so become a coherent and apprehendable unity. But with our present methods of teaching this is an impossibility. I can recommend the book under consideration as a remarkably good digest of Roman history, covering the period of the founding of the Empire.

From the same house I am in receipt of one of the most important books recently issued from the press, so far as I can judge by a casual examination. It is the American Republic and Its Government, by James Albert Woodburn—Professor of American History and Politics in Indiana University. The book is designed to go with another volume concerning political parties of the republic. It covers, in some respects, the field of Mr. Bryce in The American Commonwealth. But our author undertakes to fill a gap between Mr. Bryce and those elementary works which abound for use in our common schools. He is modest enough to say that he aims to reach classes of students in their advanced work. I am strongly inclined to believe that the book will take its position outside of text books quite as much as in our higher schools and colleges. I confess that I have not yet carefully gone over the vital points, which must test the permanent value of the book; but so far as I have, I believe we have something of unusual worth. The author certainly avoids some strange defects in Mr. Bryce's work—among the rest that laudation of Hamilton and Hamiltonianism which arises from the fact that Hamilton was intensely pro-British. Mr. Bryce's work is very generous and very appreciative; but fundamentally it is biased in favor of whatever is laudatory of the English Constitution. Mr. Bryce is also so far biased by European conceptions that he speaks of American life and scenery and character as monotonous. We are really in need of just this which Prof. Woodburn has undertaken. I shall take great pleasure in studying the book and reviewing it more completely hereafter.

From D. Appleton & Co. I have another of Mr. Frank T. Bullen's works—this time a novel. His previous works have savored somewhat of romance, but have been essentially true stories. Perhaps we might say of this one that it is essentially true. Whoever read "The Cruise of the Cachalot" and "The Apostles of the Southeast" will know that they have a rich feast in this new book. It carries us into a social life that has heretofore been entirely unexplored,—the social life of the sea and the skipper's home. I shall undertake no sort of review, but tell you it is thoroughly good reading.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

THE CENTENARY OF EDGAR QUINET; THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.—It was in 1826, at the house of Victor Cousin, that Quinet first met Michelet, destined to become his fellow-worker and life-long friend. Each had already made a notable literary venture, Michelet in his translation of selected works of Vico, Quinet, as already mentioned, in translater Herder. Soon we find Michelet wishing for his friend a professorship at Paris, but this called for concessions which Quinet could not make. Instead he was urging Michelet to further the publication of his pamphlet on Germany and the Revolution, in which, with clear-seeing eye, he pointed out the tendency of the German strugle for unity and its danger to France. Michelet deemed the publication unwise for Quinet, on account of his revolutionary spirit, and hesitated and delayed until in December, 1831, the latter wrote in energetic remonstrance, saying: "I have thought for years all that I have written in this pamphlet. It is my belief, I might even say that it is my blood. Yet you confront me with the fear of compromising myself!" So not even his most loyal friend could win from him any concessions. In 1838, then, Quinet's professional life began at Lyons with a course on ancient civilizations which roused the Lyonese youth to quite a new intellectual and moral life. His success there was such that in 1841 Villemain, then Minister of Public Instruction, created for Quinet a chair of southern languages and literature at the *College de France*, but the latter hesitated to accept it for fear of compromising his liberty. Finally, relying on reiterated assurances of utmost freedom, he did accept and became a fellow-worker with Michelet and the exiled Pole, Mickiewicz, in guiding young men toward liberty and justice. His studies of the Revolutions of Italy, while they at once won the hearts of the students, stirred up controversy, hatred, anathemas and slander on the part of those who do not love free thought. Wren, in 1843, his general topic, Literatures and Institutions of Southern Europe, brought him naturally to a study of the influence of the Society of Jesus on the southern nations, the storm broke loose. His six lectures on the Jesuits were so many battles, it is said. At the first of these it was three-quarters of an hour ere he could make himself heard, so great was the uproar, and the frightened administrator of the *College de France* begged him to withdraw, fearing that the very building would be demolished, but Quinet held his ground and with his followers finally carried the day.

In 1843-44 he visited Spain and Portugal in order to know more thoroughly the countries of which he spoke. Here he gathered the material for a new course of lectures on Ultramontanism, in which he denounced the oppression of the Church through the centuries, its cruel persecution of individuals, its fatal influence on the destiny of nations, Italy, Poland, Ireland, Greece, Bohemia, Hungary, and contrasted the Romish church, with the universal church formulated by the French Revolution, which sought to unite all the people of the world in one fraternal communion.

Over this course hostility broke out anew more active and violent than ever. The authorities became uneasy, for such a course drew together the proscribed from every quarter, and every word of revolt against oppression and wrong found a far-reaching echo. It was easy to silence Mickiewicz, an exile; Michelet was unattackable, his course on history and morals giving him the right to say anything. Quinet, too, had been approved by his peers of the *College de France*, but Nisard having tried in vain to induce him to withdraw the word Institutions in his subject, Literatures and Institutions of Southern Europe, it was suppressed in the posted announcements, whereupon Quinet refused to speak.

In 1844, the day after his last lecture on Ultramontanism, a deputation of students waited on him to promise him a harvest from the seed that he had sown. It was in 1845 that the students brought to the three great professors, Mickiewicz, Michelet and Quinet, a medal commemorative of their teaching, and when, finally, in November, 1845, Quinet was silenced, three thousand students waited upon him to express the sympathy and indignation of which their hearts were full. Quinet replied:

"Gentlemen, if any one has thought to ruin me morally, your presence here helps me to believe that the attempt will not succeed. Some have found it possible to believe that fear of being snatched away from the successes which you make so easy for me would lead to a concession. I feel, indeed, at this moment the grief of being separated from you, nevertheless I must not yield to it. . . . I could not, without being untrue to myself, decide otherwise. Better a thousand times never see you again, than to see you at the sacrifice of my principles.

"Instruction does not consist in words alone; it must have the confirmation of one's deeds and life."

Young men carried away leaf by leaf Quinet's lectures as fast as they were printed, particularly the last one on the Ideal of Democracy, in which occur these strong words: "Beware then of lowering the moral level, thinking thereby to render more easy the coming of democracy; it will have just the opposite effect. I dread, I admit, these easy morals that are held up as sublime theories. You wish to rise above the bourgeoisie; do not begin by borrowing its vices. All would be lost should the moral poverty of the rich become, by I know not what, an object of envy to the poor. I would have democracy regnant, therefore, I demand of her sovereign virtues. . . . It will be said that I demand too much, that I raise to the skies the ideal of democracy; that is true, but consider that it must be set high to be seen like a lighthouse for all the world."

The next year Michelet, in his turn, was suspended.

These lectures of 1840-47 were unquestionably one of the causes of the national awakening that followed. In February, 1848, we find Quinet one of the first to enter the Tuilleries musket in hand.

The department of the Ain sent him to the constituent assembly, but there was nothing of the tribune about him and he did not shine there, though the questions in which he interested himself were the most important. One of these was the enfranchisement of Italy. He, almost alone, was not carried away by the general enthusiasm for Pius IX. and his liberal reform measures. He protested vehemently against the Italian expedition, foreseeing but too plainly that this move by one republic against another would be the ruin of both.

Toward the end of 1848 he foresaw and vainly predicted the coming of a new dynasty. One of the first acts of the provisional government had been the reopening of the *College de France* where Quinet was greeted with enthusiastic cries of The Prophet! The Prophet! but the Utopian hopes by which this event was accompanied were not to be realized. In March, 1851, the college, where Michelet, but not Quinet, had resumed his place, was again closed, the students acclaiming for the last time the names of their beloved masters.

The coup d'etat of December 2 made Quinet exile, but an exile undaunted and unyielding. From Brussels, Veytaux, the lake of Geneva, he wrote incessantly letters and brochures whose constant refrain was: There has been a second of December. We must not forget it. He had no use for amnesty. "Those who need amnesties," he said, "are not the defenders of the laws, but those who have broken them. One does not grant amnesty to right and justice."

Such to the last was the tone of the numerous articles sent by him to the provincial papers of France. When, for instance, in May, 1870, Louis Napoleon had called on the people to ratify the liberal reforms of the preceding ten years, Quinet wrote as follows to the electors of his old department of the Ain:

"There are two ways of living in this world: as freemen or as slaves. Consider in which category you wish to place yourselves. The free peoples make themselves, or through their representatives, the constitution which governs them. Among slaves this is made for them by their master; with eyes closed they accept it, saying with Pontius Pilate: that which is written is written.

"But why put this yoke of brass on your own shoulders? Why reply in the words of Pontius Pilate? What is written will be unwritten if you will it so. Put *no* in its place."

The 4th of September, 1870, he re-entered France, after a generous but vain appeal to the invaders. Paris, by almost 200,000 votes, sent him as deputy to the National Assembly, the fourth on the list after Louis Blanc, Victor Hugo and Garibaldi, but he could do little in an assembly so weak and so unrepublican that the vote to establish a republic was carried by a mere majority of one, owing to the division into parties. No one of the articles at hand tells where or how Quinet passed away on March 27, 1875, but something remains to be said of his work on popular education, so pertinent and vital to the situation in France to-day. For this let us turn again to Henry Michel, all the previous stirring details having been taken from an article on the Guides of Democracy, signed only E. R. in the Bulletin of the *Union pour l'action morale* of February 15.

It was in 1849 that Quinet published his *Enseignement du peuple*, one of his best works and most decisive acts. In it he shows with rare power of logic and of eloquence that the lay school, the school in which there is lay instruction in ethics, is alone capable, in a country where several religious confessions co-exist, of bringing about that union among the citizens indispensable to the common good. Had his voice been listened to, this conception of the school would have been embodied long ago in French law. When in the Legislative Assembly, February 19, 1850, a proposed law was under discussion making instruction in ethics and religion a part of the course in the first grade primary instruction, Quinet moved as an amendment the addition of the words: "Without regard to dogmas peculiar to any of the various communions," and spoke forcibly and well in support of his motion. But in 1850 neither his action nor his words were understood. He himself tells us that not a newspaper took note of his amendment. It was not until March, 1882, that the thought of Quinet found embodiment in the law making ethics and civics subjects of primary instruction and stipulating that religious instruction must be given elsewhere than in the school. In his memorial address the other day, however, the Minister of Public Instruction, eulogizing Quinet, said: "His ideas have germinated, his conception of education for the people, formerly discarded or contested, now consecrated by our laws, constitutes one of the essential elements of the political and social order of the Republic."

Quinet substitutes for the old static ideal of the dogmas and of most of the philosophies, a dynamic ideal undergoing constant renewing and progression. He does not say to man, as do the philosophies and the dogmas: be obedient, humble, just, good. He says to him: be yourself, be more and more, better and better yourself. In proportion as you succeed more in this, you will see the field of your activity broadening under your feet, and the perspective of your moral life enlarging. Nothing that man and society have accomplished hitherto can give to them any complete idea, still less any adequate measure of what they shall some day be able to accomplish. The future will surpass and by far the idea we have tried to form of it, if it be the creation, not of force and of chance, but of reflection and of conscience. M. E. H.

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